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THE CIRCULATION OF

The Evening World

ON

FRIDAY, AUG. 23,

WAS PRECISELY

348,010

COPIES.

But even on days when there is no

event of extraordinary public interest

the EVENING WORLD sells a few

For instance, its circulation on

Saturday, Aug. 22, was

170,370 Copies.

TWELVE!

The Whitechapel find has once more set

his hand to the bloody work begun

months ago. One more outcast has fallen

sprung to his wrath. The manner of this

butchery, outdoing all its predecessors in

horror, shows that the slayer's rage increases

as he nears the promised end of his labor.

Three more remain to be done, and every

discrete creature in the London slums

trembles with fear that she may be the next.

The grimest feature of the frightful

series is the butcher's inexorable fidelity to

his word. He keeps it, and Great Britain is

powerless to hinder him. He has said fifteen

must fall. London believes they will.

THE KALP HAS NOT BEEN TOLD.

Judge WHITE, in a talk about reporters,

whom he seems to consider omnipresent,

omnivorous, and void of the secretive faculty,

says:

Why, just a little while ago I was sitting with

some friends when I thought we would be alone,

when a reporter came in and found me sitting

there in the corner of a saloon. I suppose he

will have that in the papers too. Oh, those

reporters will get everywhere.

Judge, you are a good fellow. There is

nothing wrong in your penchant for sitting

alone in the corner of a saloon. It is inhos-

pitable—very—but not wicked. And if it

were, there is no certainty the reporter who

saw you there would publish the fact. Re-

porters have seen many men sitting in the

corners of saloons who would not care to

have people know it. And yet the horrid

secrets have been kept—and by reporters, too!

No, Judge, if reporters should—as you pre-

tend they do, but know they do not—print

all they know or see or hear, there would be

an exodus of modern society into the deserts

and waste places of the earth, that would

resemble the departure of rats from the city

of Hamelin at the heels of the Pied Piper.

A COLUMB FAKE.

The exposure of STEVE BROWNE's brazen,

contemptible Niagara "fake" has given his

name as fatal a tumble as the Falls would

have afforded him had he been a brave man

instead of a lying mountebank.

He ought to be hooted off the Bowery,

unless he will consent to go, accompanied by

a committee of honest men, and perform

acrobatics, in their presence the leopards he

had the credit of making hitherto. No less

thorough restitution will convince his quon-

dam constituents that he possesses any ele-

ment of gameness or honesty. As for the

rest of the world it has no use for him.

And the abettors of this deception, what

becomes of them in the eyes of all self-

respecting newspaper men. Does not a

share in Browne's offense merit a share in his

shame. All of you.

WELCOME HOME, DOCTOR.

The New York Central Railroad men are

making ready to go down the bay and meet

Dr. CHARNEY DEWEY, who is home-coming

on the City of New York. Here is a wel-

come's good part of Manhattan would join

in with good grace. There will be flags

flying out, if anybody says the word, to greet

an honest man, thoroughbred, thorough-

bred American and consistent Christian

gentleman.

Good boy, CHARNEY! You and EDSON

were the best exhibits we had abroad, as

RUS HARRISON was the funniest. But you

are coming home opportunely. This Big

Four business needs you.

Now, gentlemen; long cheers, long drinks,

but no long speeches.

Hurrah for the "hired man."

It is a sorry sight for England, to see Aus-

tralia and Canada contending on her waters

for the rowing supremacy of the world. That

is one kind of wave that Britannia no longer

rules.

It is a wholesome spectacle, that of the rival

whiskies emulating each other again

in unity. The backbiting and wrangling

and abuse is over, and there will be a mous-

far love-feast at Travers Island next Satur-

day in the annual championship meeting that

bodes ill for England, Ireland, Scotland or

any other country that tries to deprive us of

the bun in struggles of swiftness, strength

or skill.

Now you are off!

THERE'S STILL A CHANCE.

Rascal Ives, dapper and chippy and

cheeky, is at the bar of justice, looking in

the face of eight indictments. He wanted to be

a Napoleon. The original of that name died

in confinement. If all eight charges are

proven, against this conscienceless young as-

pirant, he is not to fulfil the Napoleonic ideal

in one regard at least.

All is not lost.

JUMP!

Come along, Giants. Don't be content

with easy victories. Win a few of these tight

games and get up where you belong. The

time is ripe for it now. The leap is not a

long one. Gather yourselves and jump, all

at once.

HULL, of Georgia, the would-be duellist,

has succeeded in getting himself caught and

put under \$10,000 bonds to keep the peace.

His scampering up and down the country

and blowing about the fight was not in vain.

He is not to be blamed, maybe, from keeping

away as best he could from the woods where

PATTERSON, armed with a big pistol and a

newspaper reporter, was waiting to do polite

murder on him.

It seems as though Mr. CHRIS VON DER

AMT, of St. Louis, had been bludgeoned off

the nose of the town he bled from for the pur-

pose of spitting its face. Maybe St. Louis

baseball enthusiasts will not thank him.

Surely, he will be made to pay with a deal of

discomfort for these schoolboy tantrums of his.

The City Court Judges are after their col-

league, Mr. PIRSKER, with a very sharp stick.

Yesterday they laid his case before Gov. HILL.

It is said Judge PIRSKER will return in No-

vember. If he had delicate sensibilities his

resignation would precede him by about

three months.

FANCIES.

Verily the way of the fakir is more rocky than

the bottom of Niagara Falls.

When Marie Jensen took a header from her

horse at Winthrop did she instinctively say, "O

he, mamma!" as she landed?

Produce Exchange members are in mourning.

The deaths of four members were posted yester-

day, and members are taxed \$12 a death.

James L. Barnhill, of Birmingham, Ala.,

dropped dead on Thursday night at the very

hour he was to have been married. He was only

seventy years old and had looked forward to a

long period of wedded bliss.

Hats of great heads all remind us.

If we choose a proper way.

We can get up every morning

With a head as big as they.

—Washington Critic.

A Chicago husband found his runaway wife

and her companion in St. Louis yesterday,

on the feet of the latter a pair of his own slip-

pers on which his wife had embroidered "To

my darling" in days gone by. Touched by

tender memories he forgave her and they went

joyfully home together.

Mr. John L. Sullivan thinks that New York

has fairly treated him because his effort

was not a success financially. That's nothing,

John; wait till you are a Congressman.

"Well," said the manager, "there aren't

many people here, but I suppose we can

make a drama and a thrilling marine scenery."

"What is to be expected?" inquired the stage

manager. "A light house."—Washington Capital.

Fifty people were seriously poisoned by eating

cheese at Beltsville, O., on Saturday, making

the third lot poisoned in this way within a week.

One would think that Beltsville folk might tem-

porarily curb this wild appetite for cheese.

Now only one triumph remains for Australia,

to find a bird to knock out Sullivan.

Goodness! Is Johnston still dry? There are

thirty-six grocers and fifty-one saloons in op-

eration there now.

OFF THE STAGE.

Mrs. Herrmann, wife of the famous necrom-

ancer, is an inveterate theater-goer. When

she is in the city she sees every theatrical novelty

that is offered to the public. Her husband is a

less ardent theater-goer.

Mrs. D. P. Bowers has given up her flat and

has taken to hotel life again. She patronizes

the Sturtevant. Mrs. Bowers can be seen on

Broadway every morning. She takes her daily

constitutional alone.

Maurice Barrymore is not nearly as elaborate

about his attire of the stage as his admirers

would love to believe. In fact, Barrymore is

content to leave conspicuous clothes to the small

fringe of the profession.

Miss Isabelle Urquhart, of the Casino, never

attracts the least attention in the street. She is

always clad in the soberest of garbs. The time

is fast approaching when she can envelop her-

self in her favorite ulster.

WORLDLINGS.

Lord Brame's London house is lighted by

electric lamps inclosed in sea shells of the

greatest beauty, whose transparency sheds a

glowing radiance over the whole apartment.

Rev. Herbert D. Ward and his wife (Elizabeth

Stuart Phelps) are to write in collaboration a

novel, the scenes of which are to be laid in the

time of Christ.

The grave of Daniel Webster is at Marshfield,

Mass., where the remains of his son Fletcher

were the great orator's in the same tomb.

The widow of Fletcher Webster is still living,

but with her death the Webster family will be

come extinct.

He Did.

(From the Evening Courier.)

Miss Clara (entertaining caller)—Bobby,

you mustn't play with Mr. Featherly's hat.

Bobby—Why not?

Miss Clara—You might injure it; and be-

sides, he will want it shortly.

THEY'RE CRUELLY TREATED.

SOME OF THE PETTY PUNISHMENTS THAT RECRUITS MUST UNDERGO.

Severe Penalties for Slight Breaches of Discipline—Devices That Savor of the Rack and Stocks—Beating, Grogging, Tying Up by the Thumbs and Other Modes of Inhuman Torture.

The account given in the St. Louis Post-Dispatch of the treatment of recruits at Jefferson Barracks is being read with great interest, not only by the enlisted men, but also by officers, as I know of my personal knowledge, who are visiting friends in St. Louis.

For fifteen years and more I have had no connection with the army, but from 1852 to 1878 I was constantly employed in a clerical capacity, having been given a position in the Quartermaster's department by my uncle, Col. Cady, whom most of the officers of the old army will remember. It chanced that I served almost constantly with troops and got to know the interior management thoroughly.

What Woodwards says may not be true in its entirety, but his causes of complaint are mild and amount to nothing compared with what I have myself seen. It is not pleasant to be roughly spoken to, but when I was connected with the army the penalties for breaches of discipline were of a very different character.

Corporal punishment never was allowed by the Articles of War, except in a few instances, and then only when inflicted by order of a court-martial. This power was taken away years ago, but the officers paid no attention to the Articles of War in this respect, and men were punished by hundreds without even a pretense of authority and for the slightest infractions of discipline. Certain offenses were common and were employed by nearly all officers.

The most common was making a spread-eagle of a man, which was inflicted for every light offense, such as absence from camp without leave, untidiness or want of care of arms and accoutrements. In garrison a man could be sent to the stocks for such an offense, but when on the march this mode of punishment was impossible and spread-eagling took its place.

The process was to place a man against a wagon wheel, stretch his arms and legs far apart and lash them firmly to the spokes. He would be left in this position for several hours, often all night. The most uncomfortable position was when a man was spread-eagled with his face to the wheel, the outside spread, as it was called, when the back was against the spokes, being considered by experts far preferable. A man could be so tied that he could sit on the hub, which relieved the discomforts of the strained position very much, but often the man was left in a most disagreeable position without being asked.

Another favorite punishment, which could be effectively employed only in cold weather, was what was called "picketing out." In this mode of correction a picket-pin was securely driven into the ground and a rope fastened to it. As many soldiers as were ordered to picket were chained to the picket-pin, and their blankets and overcoats taken from them and they would be left for the night. The only way for them to keep warm was to keep continually moving, and sleep was an impossibility.

I saw three men picketed out in a snow-storm on the Kansas plains. They had neglected their duties and were therefore ordered to picket. The next morning there were three distinct circles worn on the snow where the men had run around the picket-pin all night to keep warm.

Another and much more severe punishment, not infrequently practiced, was to take a wagon tongue, place it between the tailboards of two wagons and then put the culprit astride of it. This may not appear painful, but those who have tried it will tell you that it is a most effective punishment. The tongue for several hours with a carbide tied to each foot, as was not infrequently done, could tell a very different story. Another mode of punishment was to make a man carry a log on his shoulder for several hours.

Tying up by the thumbs is terribly severe. There were two ways of doing this. A man was made to stand with his hands on the ground, and a strong piece of twine let down from the top. The culprit would have this tied securely to each thumb, and would then be pulled up until nothing but his toes touched the ground.

Another method was to tie the thumbs to a tolerably limber hickory stick. Unless a man knew the exact position of the stick and remained perfectly motionless the stick would begin to vibrate rapidly, jerking the thumbs and causing terrible agony.

I knew a comrade of a cavalry regiment (who rose to the rank of Brigadier-General before his death) who kept his bugler in this position all night. The bugler, of course, was not allowed to sleep, and the regiment was kept awake by the bugler's wailing.

Sometimes the men were bucked and gagged. The bucking consisted in passing a stout stick under the knees and pulling it up until the man was in a position to be bucked. The hands were then tied below and in front of the knees, and the sufferer laid out in the hot sun. The result was most terrible. A man's life, at least when I was connected with the army, was by no means a happy one.

POLITICAL PERSONALS.

Deputy Warden Wm. S. McNamara will probably fill the vacancy caused by the death of Warden Vought, of the Alms-house, Blackwell's Island.

The names or initials of politicians seem to be in great favor for race horses just at present.

To the list including Pat Diver, Pat Oakley and J. J. O'Brien, has been added John J. S., which might stand for John J. Scannell, the Tammany leader of the Eleventh District.

"All that President Harrison has to do now is to appoint Gen. Barnum Marshall and the Twenty-first Assembly District will have got all the plums." Is the wall from John J. O'Brien's section of the city.

Alex. Rosenthal, of the Fourth Assembly District, threatens to sue Matthew Stanley Quay for broken political promises made last Fall.

Flack's successor as Grand Sachem of the Tammany Society will be chosen to-morrow. It still looks like ex-Judge Tappen.

Deputy Sheriff John Lavery is a diamond expert, ranking with the best appraisers of gem values in the city. John can fish a brilliant out of every pocket in his clothes.

William Bohmer, who was a prominent candidate for Excise Commissioner, will probably go to Albany next Winter as the representative of the Tenth District in the Assembly. He owes allegiance to Tammany Hall.

FASHIONS IN TABLE ORNAMENTS.

One of the prettiest among the Eiffel Tower ornaments is a candlestick produced in silver.

On glass claret jugs have silver tops which are attached to the handle of the jug by means of a silver chain.

Very beautiful effects are now produced on crystal glass and choice ceramics by the electro-deposit process.

A pretty dinner table ornament just received from the Continent is a silver-plated vase and represents a Jersey lily. The shape, size and color—soft greenish silver—into cream—accurately reproduce nature.

In after-dinner sets several charming novelties are being displayed by the importers. Some that attracted my attention especially were in crystal, china, silver and gold.

Crystal spring glass, in flower vases of various designs, an importation from Bohemia, is one of the most recent novelties.